

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MO.
All work guaranteed first class. Office over
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Office with J. C. Thatcher, south side square.
Calls promptly attended to at all hours. (nearly)

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The old Reliable Insurance Agent is
now located on the South side of the square.
Has only old and reliable companies represented.
He will insure residences and farm property on bet-
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For promptness and accuracy in business, refers to
his eight years' business in his old and all who
have sustained losses under his policy will bear him
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& Lumber.

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(Opposite depot)
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John Zener, Proprietor. W. L. Rissler Clerk.
This hotel has recently been refitted and im-
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Convenient to all trains east or west. Charges mod-
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call. (nearly)

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Bills and notes on commission, makes collections, ex-
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timber land in the county, well watered and can give
title on payments to suit purchaser with low rate of
interest. Land is in the hands of the State, and is
being sold in small tracts, and is also being sold
in large tracts. Also town property and building
lots in the city of Kirkville. All of the above
property is being sold at a low price. No charge
for sale is effected.

J. FOWLER'S TAILOR SHOP—Second
Story, east side of the square is the place
to get the best suit of clothes for the least
money. Call and see him before you order
and save money.

CHICAGO
LUMBER YARD.
Full stock dry lumber at lowest prices.
DOUGLASS & SON

KENNEDY & LINK,
DEALERS IN
Grain, Seed, Hay
Etc., Etc.
SLOAN'S OLD STAND
Directly west of the Parcell's House

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MARBLE WORKS,
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—DEALER IN—
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE
MOUNTMENTS, HEADSTONES, ETC.
Kirkville, Missouri.

All orders filled on short notice. No
east corner of the public square.
Marble purchased direct from the quar-
ries, and only the best of workmen employed.

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Parties having stock to sell please give me call.
Sales held in any part of country. Please call
on my office, address as above. (nearly)

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Pensions
and dependent
pensions entitled when due. Claims paid
promptly. Restoration, life, bounty, back pay,
and discharge obtained by law. Ad-
justment of claims and settlement of pension
rights. Address: J. M. Harris, 217 E. Street
St. Louis, Mo.

STR NOTICE.
Taken up by Geo. G. Miller and posted before
John Richey a joint day of November
1883. A fair countryman, who has been
lost, the following: crop of both ears and
year out of ear, and brand resembling the letter
"S" on the right, valued at fifteen dollars by
G. W. Galloway.

THE BOY TO THE SCHOOLMASTER

FOR RECITATION.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long.
You've asked me to cipher and spell.
You've called me a duffer and answered wrong.
You've said I'm a fool and I'm almost sure.
Just when to say it and when to say by.
Or what nine times seven may be.
Or the longitude of Kansas and the Bay.
Or the I-fore-gone-but-it's name I see.
So I think it's my turn, I do.
To ask a question or so of you.
The school-master grim he opened his eyes.
But said not a word nor a cheer surprise.
Can you tell what "phen-dub" means? I can.
Can you say all off by heart.
The "oney treary icky anu."
Or tell "allegory" and "common" apart?
Can you fling a top, I would like to know.
Till it hums like a tumble bee?
Can you make a kite yourself that will go
"Most as high as the eye can see?"
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing.
And the little birds come and sit on its string.
The school-master looked, and he said to the boy.
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.
Can you tell where the no. 1 of football swings.
Or the color its eyes may be?
Do you know the time when the quail? Brings
its young from their nest in the tree?
Can you tell when the chestnut is ready to drop.
Or where the best hazel nut grow?
Can you climb a ship-stee to the very top.
Then gaze without tremble below?
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run.
Or do anything else we boys can fun?
The master's voice trembled and he replied.
"You are right, my lad, I'm a duffer," he sighed.
—E. J. WHEELER, A Wide Awake.

Written for the Graphic.

Herbert Thornton;

—O—

"TRIED AS BY FIRE."

BY W. ANWELL.

CHAPTER X.

While the elegant and prepossessing
Mr. John Hewitt continued to be an
object of solicitude and interest to the
young "as it composed the better
circles of the town society there was
no disguising the fact that the big
house on the hill, possessed superior
attractions that gentleman.

It was a jolly affair, a week
later than the incidents narrated in
our last chapter. Alice under the
broad veranda, seated in an easy chair
engaged in some light needle work
with which many ladies occupy their
leisure moments and the mysteries of
which masculine mind seems capable
of understanding.

She had just finished the perusal of
a letter which lay open in her lap.
We did not presume to look over that
young lady's shoulder, or take an au-
thoritative privilege to divulge its contents.
It was evidently interesting and pleas-
ing to the fair recipient for it was read
and re-read many times. The envelope
fluttered to the floor and lay un-
heeded. Well might Mr. John Hewitt
stroll leisurely up the hill toward
the Sanford mansion stop to admire
a pretty picture before him. Alice
had fallen into a profound reverie.

Dressed in pure white with only a
blue ribbon at her throat and waist
and a half opened rose bud to relieve
the costume, the graceful outlines of her
form were thrown into relief by the dark
green of the trailing vines which cov-
ered one end of the veranda. Wavy
brown hair which struggled into ring-
lets at the slightest opportunity decked
a fair, smooth brow or fell away in rich
profusion over a well rounded neck
and graceful shoulders. The face was
round and firm, with a Grecian cast,
the lips were full and a handsomely
rounded chin gave zest and character
to the whole. Eyes not blue, nor black,
but a deep hazel, with sunny depths,
and fringed with long lashes. The
whole was illumined with intelligence
and a singularly sensitive purity of
soul which shone out through every
avenue and gave a beauty of its own
independent of the mere accidents of
form or complexion. It was indeed a
picture over which a poet or a painter
might have raved, and so thought Mr.
John Hewitt.

"Oh whom are you dreaming?"
With a start Alice awoke from her
day-dream and quickly recovering,
with a pretty blush, she asked her caller,
to be seated.

"I called Miss Alice, to return with
thanks, your very interesting scrap-
book. I have perused your friend's
graduating speech with much care. I
was particularly struck with one para-
graph in the peroration, and will read
it to you. It strikes me as a little
treasonable. Mr. Hewitt was a fine
reader and the more emphatic expres-
sions were given with an emphasis and
a force that would have startled Hebert
himself had he heard them.

"We prate of liberty and the rights
of man, and quote with hypocritical
tongues the sentiment that 'All men
are created equal' and that they are
endowed by their creator with certain
rights among which are 'life, liberty

and the pursuit of happiness.' And
yet like craven cowards we see three
millions of living souls, bought and
sold like dumb brutes in the slave pens
of our boasted land of freedom."

"We talk of vested rights, of constitu-
tions and of compacts, as though these
flimsy pretenses would shield us from
the wrath of outraged justice. The
day of awful reckoning must come at
last. Our constitutions, our com-
pacts and our compacts, with sin
must go. The vested right of life
and liberty, of soul and body, of God
and truth and humanity; of man to
himself; of mother to her child, the
rights of man, rise paramount to all
government, to all constitutions and
to all compromises. Whatever tam-
pers with justice, whatever destroys
manhood is a compact with hell, and
a compromise with corruption and na-
tional death. As for me when the call
comes, all I may have; and all I may
hope to be, will be cheerfully laid upon
the altar, not of an unworthy country,
nor in defence of a rotten constitution,
but for freedom of the oppressed and
justice to the enslaved."

"It strikes me," said Hewitt, "that
your young friend Hebert is a little
bit of an enthusiast, a fanatic in other
words. I know that school boy en-
thusiasm and the privilege accorded
the youthful graduate, often culminates
in flights of a very extravagant nature,
but I notice all through your friend's
oration that he deals with the issues of
the present time. Do you really sup-
pose, Miss Alice, that your young
friend really meant what he said?"

"Herbert is the soul of truth. He
would scorn to advocate what he does
not believe. Surely Mr. Hewitt you
do not object to the sentiments ex-
pressed."

"Me! Oh, it matters little what I
think about it. But Miss Alice, it
strikes me that these are dangerous
sentiments; especially as your young
friend has gone into a slave state to
follow his profession," and there was a
sinister look on John Hewitt's face
that would have startled and placed
Alice on her guard, had she noticed it.
But she did not.

"The afternoon is too pleasant for
idleness," said Mr. Hewitt, "let us take
a stroll down to the beech-woods."
"Thank you Mr. Hewitt," said Alice,
"but I have a few errands to make this
afternoon at the other end of the vil-
lage, and some sick folks to visit, you
may accompany me there if you choose."

"No, Miss Alice, excuse me, the
temptation is very strong, but the good
Samaritan role, is a little beyond my
powers this afternoon. I will accom-
pany you as far as the bridge, and then
bid you good bye."

Alice hastily gathered up her sewing
and excusing herself a moment
went to her room to prepare for her
walk. John Hewitt picked up the
empty envelope and closely scrutinized
its post-mark—"HOPKINSVILLE." He
hastily wrote the address on a scrap
of paper and placed it carefully in his
pocket.

"The little puritan evidently imag-
ines her boy hero something near per-
fection. I think I can fix him a dose
that will not be very palatable. This
address is just the link I need to com-
plete the chain. If he don't get a sore
back, take a ride on a rail, or sport a
suit of tar and feathers before he is
many months older, I am very much
out of my reckoning. Evidently the
young cub has pluck, but bah! the
whole set of white-livered fanatics are
not worth the little finger of a real true
blue gentleman. Things are getting
pretty hot and a hempen necktie for
such vermin will be the next resort. I
think I shall look after this young man
a little."

While these thoughts were passing
through John Hewitt's mind he was
startled by a shrill whistle, and a mock-
ing laugh at his sudden start.

"Scuse me mister, but you were
makin' such faces I couldn't help it." It
was idle Bill who had been spending
the afternoon in the Sanford library,
who thus startled Hewitt from his dark
thoughts.

"What are you doing here?" asked
Hewitt of the grinning urchin.

"Oh, laboring in the interest of
science, as Prof. Green says. Me'n
the Colonel is gitten up our collection
of specimens, would you like to look
at 'em."

I'd advise you to make the acquain-
tance of soap and water before intru-
ding on polite or refined society or
setting up for an amateur scientist. I
am surprised that Col. Sanford

should tolerate such a specimen of im-
pudence about his premises."

"Come a-courtin' Miss Alice, didn't
ye?" continued Bill without apparently
noticing the disparaging remarks of
the other. "Taint no use mister, and
I don't mind tellin' you why," assum-
ing a very confidential and mysterious
air. "It's because—because

"You ain't good lookin'!
And you can't come in."
and dexterously avoiding the hand of
Hewitt which was reached out for his
collar, Bill darted down the steps and
fled laughing down the gravelled walk.
Two hours later, on her return from
her visit at the other end of the village
Alice found Bill waiting for her in the
shrubbery. The boy's face and hands
showed the marks of recent scrubbing
and his hair was neatly combed.

"Why, Willie, what a change. You
are looking nicely," and then noticing
the anxious look in the boy's face,
Alice stopped and asked if he wished
anything.

"Oh, Miss, don't you marry that
feller."
"Why Willie, who are you speaking
of. I am not going to marry anybody
—now yet awhile."

"I mean that slick lookin', snaky-
eyed feller that was here this afternoon.
Don't Miss, don't have him."

"You foolish boy," laughed Alice,
"who told you he wanted to marry me.
But why do you make such a serious
objection? Come tell me won't you?"

"He means to do it Miss, I know it,
and I've already heard it talked in the
village. Don't ye do it Miss for"—
and the boy lowered his tone and drew
nearer—"He's got the voice. I can't
tell you what that means, Miss, just yet,
but it's a fact—He's got the voice."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEACON AND HERBERT HAVE A
CONVERSATION.

One morning a few days after Her-
bert arrived at Deacon Chadwell's
home, after the usual chores about the
barn and house had all been finished
the Deacon motioned Herbert in to
the orchard. Herbert wondered at the
Deacon's mysterious manner, but tak-
ing his hat followed him without com-
ment. The orchard was some distance
from the house and remote from the
public highway. The Deacon, as we
have heretofore intimated, was a man
of few words, and therefore on this oc-
casion; Herbert, who had learned his
moods, walked silently at his side with-
out question, though he possessed all
a young man's impatience and curios-
ity. Herbert's silence and discretion,
and apparent willingness to wait the
deacon's rather deliberate way, seemed
to please that worthy. When they had
reached a remote corner of the orchard
the deacon's first words were:

"Well, Herbert, I see you are to be
trusted. Most youngsters would have
been askin' the whys and wherefores,
and have been red hot to know what
was wanted of them. I brought you
here in order to have a safe place to
talk to you."

"A safe place," exclaimed Herbert
in astonishment, "a safe place, you as-
tonish and mystify me. Surely a man
is safe here in his own home. What
has he to fear?"

"Don't talk so loud," answered the
deacon, and then with a smile, "it may
not be so bad as my words seem to in-
dicate, but Herbert we—you—all of
us are sleeping upon a hidden volcano.
It was of this very thing I wished to
talk with you. I have sometimes re-
gretted, Herbert, that I had suggested
your coming here, and yet, perhaps it
was for the best after all. Now Her-
bert I will explain. I have noticed in
the few days you have spent with us
that you have been very frank to express
your views in regard to a certain ques-
tion. It was well for you that it was
in my family, instead of that of a stran-
ger that those expressions were drop-
ped—I allude to your opinions on
slavery. Herbert bear this in mind—
there must be no word or expression,
no not even a look or tone of voice
that would indicate a dissent from the
prevailing sentiment—if you would re-
main here, or retain your standing and
influence or your usefulness. Yes
worse than that—even your life and the
welfare of your friends depend on your
discretion."

"What?" exclaimed Herbert, "is it
possible? You tell me this, that here,
in America, under our flag, that a na-
tive born, free American citizen may
not hold or express a simple opinion.
Why, it is intolerable—Russia, with her

serfs and her despotism, could not be
worse than this. Of course I knew
that in politics such sentiments as I
hold might not be popular here, but I
am not a politician and do not expect
to be one, but surely I can exercise the
right of private judgement without the
terrible penalties you suggest."

"No indeed, Herbert you cannot,"
replied the deacon sadly, "where slav-
ery exists, the very soil is accursed.
There is neither mental, spiritual or
political freedom, where it flourishes.
Master, as well as slave is fettered. It
is a veritable, smothered, seething vol-
cano under the feet of its victims. It
is the deadly Upas tree, the poisoned
valley where no life but that of its own
can exist."

"I have lived here," continued the
deacon, "for twenty years. I have
tried to live a godly christian life, void
of offence, but I have never held a
man or woman in bondage. This fact
alone has, in spite of all these years of
faithful citizenship, weakened my in-
fluence in society, lowered my stand-
ing as a citizen and to a cer-
tain extent cancelled my useful-
ness as a member of our church.
Think, then, what ruin rash or out-
spoken words coming from you on this
subject might cause—not only to your-
self but to your friends. Think as you
please, but remember, neither by word
or look, must you permit that thought
an expression. There are scores, yes
hundreds as I happen to know, that are
living this life of repression. This is
why I tell you Herbert we are living
over the fires of a smouldering volcano
I brought you out here, from the fact
that the very walls have ears to catch
up the slightest whisper when it comes
to this one question."

Herbert was astounded. In a gen-
eral way he had already noticed that
he was in quite a different mental at-
mosphere than that of northern Ohio,
but never before had the full import of
the matter presented itself to his mind.
Fully appreciating the kind and fatherly
interest taken in him by the Deacon
and his family, he felt that his well-
fare and safety demanded rare discre-
tion on his part, but he felt that the daily
contact with what to him was a hideous
blot on our civilization and a stain on
our christianity, without protest or dis-
approval, would require rare powers of
self control. He had not realized the
truth concealed in the couplet that

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen.
But seen to offend with his face,
'Tis first endured, then hated, then embraced.

Hundreds as strongly devoted to
liberty as Herbert, as many in their senti-
ments, as far from hypocrisy and dis-
simulation had learned the lesson of
repressed sentiment, till contact and
familiarity blunted the edge of their
humanity and though they might not
endorse they were no longer shocked by it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Jack and the Plow-Lue.

Once upon a time, there was a cer-
tain farmer who had a son whom he
set over the hands in the field. Among
those who followed the plow was an
able-bodied boy named Jack.

Jack was of African descent. On
all the place there was not one who
could run faster, box harder, jump
farther, turn more somersaults,
or wrestle stronger than our hero. Nor
was there one who was more ready for
all such exercises.

Jack was given one of the best of
the mules; his plow was put in order,
the gear all right, and yet the plow
would not go. Was he idle? No,
not exactly. There was always some-
thing wrong. Now the plow was too
much on the point, now too much on
the heel. The gear was out of order,
and so, from tricking with one thing,
then another the hours were frittered
away and very little actual plowing was
done.

Meanwhile, Jack protested that
plowing was his delight, only he could
not get things fixed.

On one occasion, when the best part
of a fine day had been spent in this
way, the young master concluded that
he would see what he could do in the
way of fixing things, and so, going up
to where the plow was standing, and
taking a look all round he said:

"Jack, you are the best boy in the
field, and I am sorry to see things get
out of fix with you so often. I am sure
you love to plow, and now, if you will
give me that plow-line, I think I can
fix everything to stay."

The line was taken and carefully
doubled up, so as to best serve the
purpose. Then the process of repair
began, but in a singular way. Forty
or fifty strokes, vigorously applied up
and down Jack's spine, did the work.
There never was a finer success. For
many days that plow and gear did
beautifully. One can hardly believe
it, but the work done on Jack's back
had completely cured the perversity
of the whole outfit, mule and all. The
philosophy of it we do not pretend to
understand. Let those explain it who
can.—Baptist cord.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb., 16, 1884.

EX-SENATOR DORSEY,

Who has been about Washington some
weeks, left Monday night for New
Mexico. A large interest in his big
ranch down there has been purchased
by Colonel Ingersoll and John B. Alley
of Boston. These two are to meet
Dorsey in a short time and join him
in a trip to Old Mexico after looking
over the property they have just ac-
quired. But Dorsey has not been oc-
cupied wholly with business matters
since he has been here. Politicians,
lobbyists, men with schemes, appli-
cants for pensions, have thronged his
parlors from morning until late at night.
There are two politicians who have
spent many hours with him whose visits
have no little political significance.
These are Senator Logan and Richard
Crowley. Last summer Dorsey was
very bitter in his remarks about Logan.
He felt very keenly the slight caused
by the resolution of thanks to Colonel
Hookes, assistant secretary of the Re-
publican National committee, that
Logan offered. No mention at all
was made of Dorsey's services, and he
regarded this omission as an intended
insult. But it appears that Dorsey has
changed his views in that respect; at
all events, it is certain that whatever
difference there may have been they
have all been smoothed over. It is a
question how much good the ex-Star
route defendant can do anybody in
politics just now; but a candidate who
is real anxious generally accepts any
kind of aid he can get.

HON. E. M. MARBLE,

ex-Commissioner of Patents, who re-
cently resigned to enter upon the prac-
tice of his profession here, has found
plenty to do, and is looking more hale
than when presiding over that vexa-
tious department, the Patent Office.
He thinks with many others that the
Government fees for letters patent
might well be reduced, and that in-
stead of earning a large surplus from
the tax upon industry and genius, the
office should simply be self-sustaining.
There are other reforms which Mr.
Marble would have been glad to in-
augurate had he remained in the office.

One of these, the compiling of a
complete descriptive digest of all the
patents issued from the founding of the
office, he did have begun, by the con-
sent of Congress, and a very valuable
and convenient work it would have
been, to the public and department.
But so much opposition was made by
parties interested in keeping the office
in its present state, that Congress was
induced to withhold the necessary ap-
propriation for carrying on the work.
In a few years at most the department
will advance to Mr. Marble's views on
all these points. Meanwhile his long
connection with it, both as law officer
and Commissioner of Patents, enables
him to render valuable service to those
who consult him. It is wonderful how
rapidly the business of the office in-
creases and what complications grow
out of it. Just now there is, among
many other contests a hot battle over
the different telephone patents. The
Bell company have had practically a
monopoly so far, but it is a question
whether other claimants will not be
able to show priority.

Those who have attended receptions
and other dress occasions this winter
have remarked the unusual display of
"low necks." It is the style just now,
more than heretofore, for fashionable
society to strip itself down to that con-
dition which Mr. Anthony Comstock
says should not be tolerated even in
an art collector's private prints. And
yet mothers send their blooming young
daughters out in this fashion. These
are admired. Pretty, fair, young shoul-
ders are attractive, but when stout
matrons of middle age, and scrawny
women still older, bare their necks be-
yond all sense of delicacy and limit,
modest people are ashamed. There
were ladies at the President's reception
who felt like turning their faces to the
wall to hide their blushes, so shockingly
low were some of the dresses.

While I write the Capital is full of
Democrats from various cities who
have come to attend the meeting of
the National Committee and contend
for the location of

THE CONVENTION.

Of course the matter will be settled
by the time this reaches you, but at
present the contest seems to be be-
tween St. Louis and Chicago. They
are a jolly lot, these Democrats, and
put down a great deal of evil in the
shape of corn juice and 'sich.' If our
hotels are so filled up with the dele-
gations from these cities how could we
ever take care of a convention repre-
senting the whole country? Yet many
claim that Washington is the place for
all of them. Not much is said about
candidates among the Democrats now
here, but there are some booms ready
to be launched after the time and place
for holding the convention has been
settled.

DON PEDRO.

LITERARY NOTICES.

St Nicholas for March. Louisa M.

Alcott's third "Spinning-wheel Story,"
entitled Eli's Education, is a leading
feature of the March number of St.
Nicholas, and paints a true picture of
the struggles of a country lad to obtain
an education in the early years of the
present century.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney contributes
a brightly written story, called "Girls-
Noblesse," which is not without "boy
interest," however, and which, while
possessing its full share of incident and
adventure, is a clever study of charac-
ter as well.

"Among the Mustangs" is the title
of an entertaining paper on the wild
ponies of the plains, by Noah Brooks,
author of the Boy Emigrants, who
gives much information in regard to
the origin, life, habits, and fate of the
mustang. "Blown out to Sea," by C.
F. Holder, is a collection of anecdotes,
recounting some of the curious resting
places made use of by weary birds
which are driven by strong winds out
of their course in their long migratory
flights, often extending many thous-
ands of miles. The pictures are by J.
C. Beard, and one of them shows a
tired flamingo vainly trying to sleep
while standing on the back of a huge
turtle, a sight actually observed by a
boat's party in the Gulf of Mexico.

"Wong Ning's Ideas" are some of
the reminiscences and quite original
opinions expressed in his own words
by a very "live" Chinese boy, living in
San Francisco.

Lucy Larcom has a bright little
March poem called "The Wind-Flower-
er"; Palmer Cox tells and shows how
the adventurous "Brownies" went up
(and came down) in a balloon; Emily
Huntington Miller has some strong
and feeling verses on the Life-Saving
Service; R. B. Birch has illustrated
and engrossed six pages of funny jin-
gles entitled "An Alphabet Manage-
rie," and there are some excellent
verses besides these.

Mayne Reid's serial "The Land of
Fire, and W. O. Stoddard's Winter
Fun" increase in interest as they grow
in length.

The March Century. Von Molke's
portrait, which is a fine frontispiece,
and the character portrait of Irving as
Hamlet, lend a personal interest to the
March Century. Each accompanies a
striking article; Miss Helen Zimmern
tells the remarkable story of the life of
"Count Van Molke" with anecdotal
interest, and J. Ranken Towse con-
tributes a pointed estimate of Henry
Irving's dramatic art.

The paper on "The Next Presiden-
cy," by ex-Attorney General Wayne
MacVeagh, is a powerful analysis of
the political situation, and a cutting
satire on the men who are responsible
for abuses which await the reforming
hand of the kind of President Mr. Mac-
Veagh delineates. Another important
essay, by D. McG. Means, discusses
methods for "The Suppression of Pau-
perism." And here it is appropriate
to mention the subjects discussed in
"Topics of the Time," which are "A
Chinese Wall for American Art," "The
Christian League of Connecticut,"
"The Independent Voter in the Next
Campaign," and "The American Copy-
right League"; while in "Open Let-
ters" the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson
continues his suggestive and humo-
rous criticism of Church music, J. B.
Peterson writes of "National Aid to
Education," J. C. Schaffer of "sug-
gestions Regarding Temperance Work,"
Mary B. Willard of "High License,"
S. K. Strotter of "Prohibition in Kan-
sas"; and the anonymous author of
"The Bread-winners" replies forcibly
and sarcastically to strictures upon his
story.

In their order the illustrated papers
are an interesting description of "The
New Washington," considered both in
its material and social aspects. The
writer, who prefers to remain anonym-
ous, is a well-known author, who is in-
timately acquainted with Washington
life. Richard Grant White writes, with
his usual pitch, about "Old Public Build-
ings in America," and the pictures ex-
plain as well as embellish. The sec-
ond paper of Mr. Benjamin's "Cruise
of the Alice May" deals with the South-